

I was a teenage victim of

# ANAL DATE RAPE!

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I WAS IN ELEVENTH GRADE BACK IN KITCHENER, ONTARIO.... I'D BEEN SEEING THIS GUY OFF AND ON FOR A COUPLE YEARS. WE WERE BOTH MISFITS AND KEPT GOING BACK TO EACH OTHER.

HE HAD TROUBLES. HIS FOLKS HAD PUT HIM INTO ELECTRO-SHOCK THERAPY... AND HIS MOTHER HATED ME....

THOUGHT I WAS A TOTAL SLUT.

HE SHARED A BIG HOUSE WITH A BUNCH OF GUYS.... WE WERE MAKING OUT ON HIS BED- HE WANTED TO TRY ANAL SEX.

SO I SAID "NO" AND MADE IT CLEAR THAT IT WASN'T UP MY ALLEY....

neh-neh

OF COURSE, AT THAT AGE, I THOUGHT IT WAS DISGUSTING AND PERVERSED. GROSS... DIRTY...

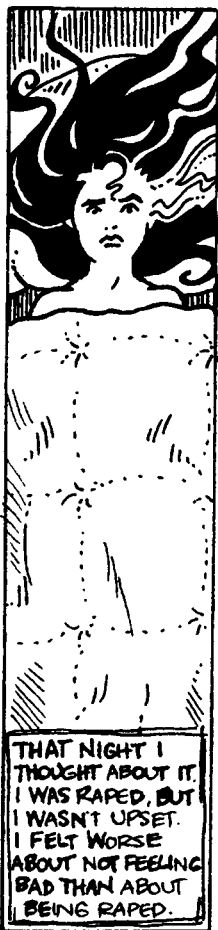
HE WAS VERY INSISTENT AND BIGGER THAN ME- ABOUT A FOOT TALLER. HE EASILY OVERPOWERED ME AND FLIPPED ME ON MY BELLY, GRABBING MY HAIR AND PUSHING MY FACE INTO A PILLOW SO HIS HOUSEMATES WOULDN'T HEAR-

AND HE WENT GANGBUSTERS RIGHT ON IN- NO LUBE, NO SPIT, NO NOTHIN'!

WHOA!!!

IT HURT LIKE A BITCH! WHEN SOMEBODY JUST PLUNGES IN- IT HURTS! IT DIDN'T LAST LONG, THOUGH. I WAS MORTIFIED- BLOOD, SPERM, AND SHIT ALL OVER. I RAN OFF DOWN THE HALL TO THE BATHROOM TO CLEAN MYSELF UP. I GUESS GUILT BEGAN TO SET IN ON MY BOYFRIEND-

uh... Molly? I'll...uh... I'll buy the pizza tonight.



THAT NIGHT I THOUGHT ABOUT IT. I WAS RAPED, BUT I WASN'T UPSET. I FELT WORSE ABOUT NOT FEELING BAD THAN ABOUT BEING RAPED.



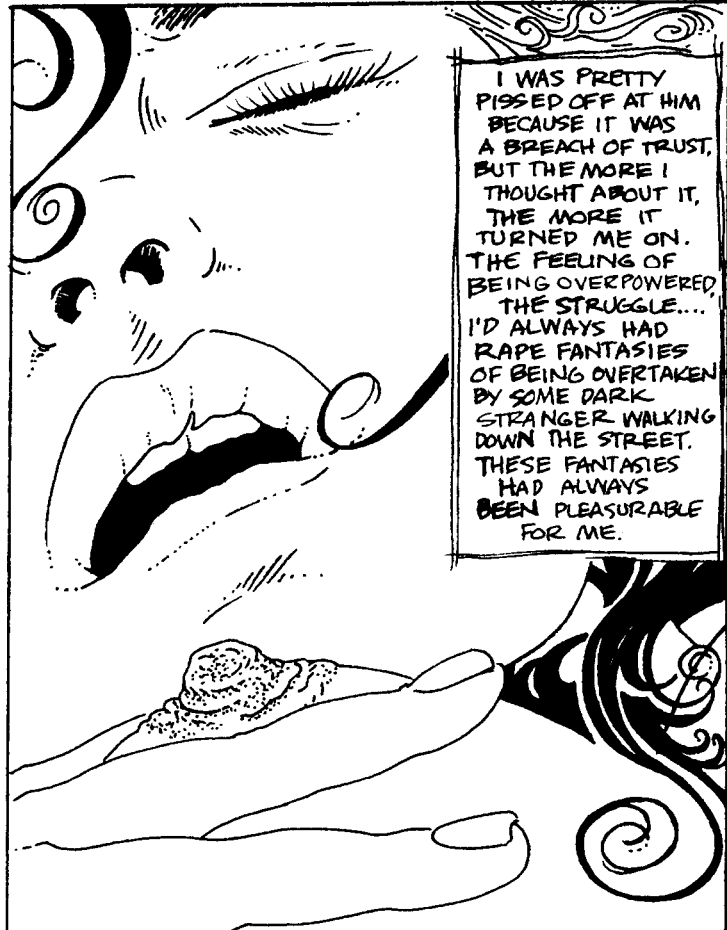
STILL, I DIDN'T TALK TO HIM FOR A WHILE.... I WAS IN PAIN - THERE WAS SOME TEARING OF MY RECTAL TISSUE, AND NEEDLESS TO SAY...

WOWOWOW FUCKFUCKFUCK

I WAS AFRAID TO SHIT FOR WEEKS....



I DIDN'T TELL ANYBODY.



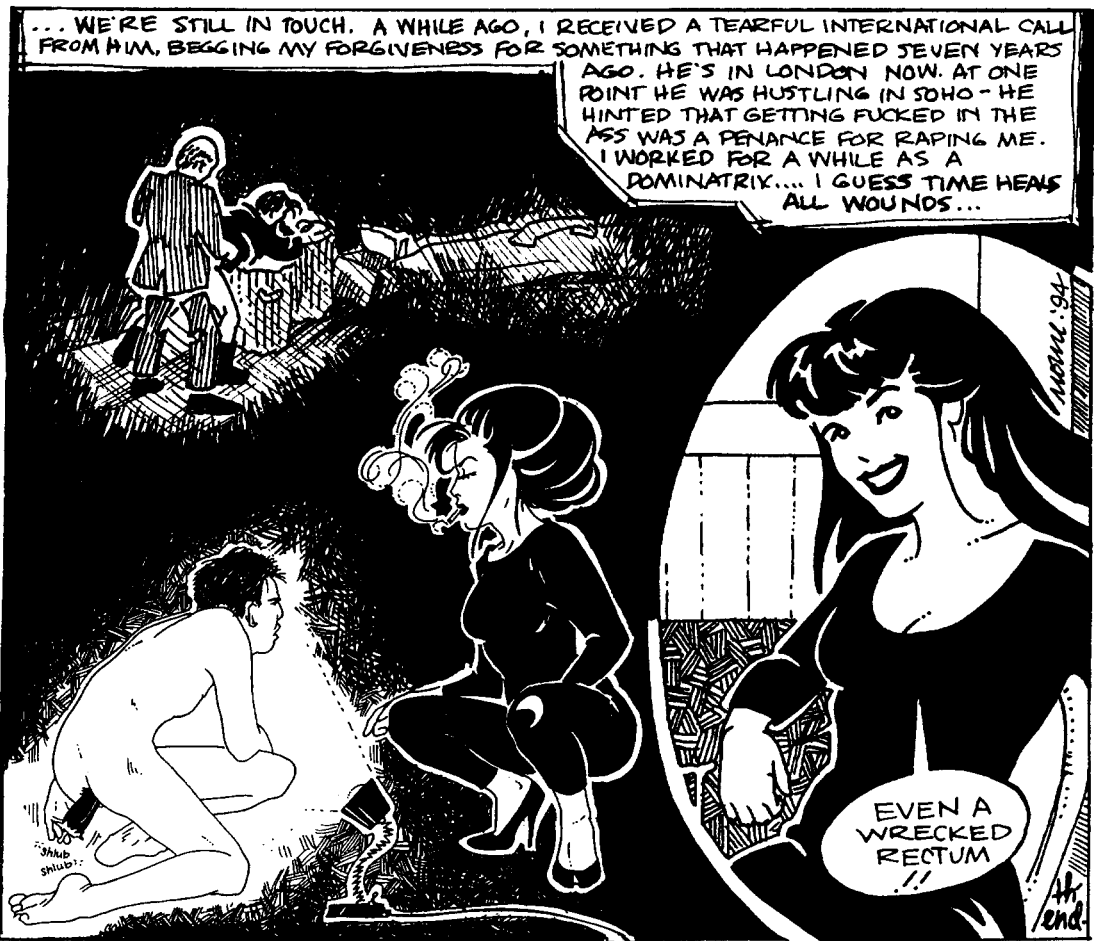
I WAS PRETTY PISSSED OFF AT HIM BECAUSE IT WAS A BREACH OF TRUST, BUT THE MORE I THOUGHT ABOUT IT, THE MORE IT TURNED ME ON. THE FEELING OF BEING OVERPOWERED, THE STRUGGLE.... I'D ALWAYS HAD RAPE FANTASIES OF BEING OVERTAKEN BY SOME DARK STRANGER WALKING DOWN THE STREET. THESE FANTASIES HAD ALWAYS BEEN PLEASURABLE FOR ME.



BUT WHEN IT HAPPENED IN REAL LIFE, I GOT ABSOLUTELY NOTHING OUT OF IT.

I NEED TO SEE YOU....

BUT JUST THE THOUGHT OF IT REALLY TURNED ME ON - SO, I WAS GETTING OFF ON THE WHOLE THING... WASN'T BOTHERED AT ALL. MY BOYFRIEND WAS GUILT-STRICKEN AND AVOIDED ME AFTER HE FUCKED ME IN THE ASS....



... WE'RE STILL IN TOUCH. A WHILE AGO, I RECEIVED A TEARFUL INTERNATIONAL CALL FROM HIM, BEGGING MY FORGIVENESS FOR SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED SEVEN YEARS AGO. HE'S IN LONDON NOW. AT ONE POINT HE WAS HUSTLING IN SOHO - HE HINTED THAT GETTING FUCKED IN THE ASS WAS A PENANCE FOR RAPING ME. I WORKED FOR A WHILE AS A DOMINATRIX.... I GUESS TIME HEALS ALL WOUNDS...

EVEN A WRECKED RECTUM !!